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AN

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF

Mr. RICHARD LAMBERT, Surgeon,

OF

NEWCASTLE upon *TYNE.*

STOCKTON:

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MDCCLXXXII.

Lambert (Richard)
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ELEGY
TO THE MEMORY OF
Mr. *RICHARD LAMBERT.*

OFT o'er the titled Great, the Muſes mourn,
Oft the forc'd ſtrain o'er mighty Honors flows,
Whilſt real Truth, nor wiſhes their return,
Nor the fond heart with honeſt Sorrow glows—

Not ſo the tear that's ſhed o'er Virtue's Grave;
That ſacred tribute's generous and free:
When Time no longer from the Tomb could ſave,
'Twas Nature bad, O Lambert! weep for thee.

'Twas

'Twas thine, to ſooth the heart of burſting Woe,
'Twas thine, to wipe away the ſtarting tear;
Could not thy Art it's healing pow'rs beſtow
And ſave it's fav'rite from the mournful bier?

Ah! No.——Each diſtant Shore is ſearch'd in vain;
See! ſpicy Afric brings her tribute due!
Each grateful drug is wafted o'er the main,
Each foreign Art to his Aſſiſtance flew.

Yet Heav'n forbad——Ceaſe then too much to grieve,——
'Twas Heav'ns eternal Will that we ſhould part:
Tho' human feeling can't the tear relieve,
Be ſtill the patient Chriſtian in your heart.

E'en now, methinks, I ſee him tread the floor
Where Anguiſh ſhrinks unpitied and forlorn;
See him the Source of ev'ry pain explore
And Eaſe the breaſt with nameleſs ſorrows torn!

Now on the bed by deep Affliction preſs'd
Where the ſad Father weeps his helpleſs Child,
I ſee him bend, with other's woes diſtreſs'd,
Soothing their Sorrows with an Aſpect mild!

The lame his Art hath often bid to ſtray
Where roſy Health amidſt the fields abounds,
To rove abroad, and often beat the way,
Led by the tuneful Echo of the hounds.

In theſe far northern Climes he firſt eſſay'd
To cure that Ill by anxious thouſands known*;
Where He appear'd each dang'rous Symptom fled—
He cur'd their ills, but could not cure his own!

With pleas'd remembrance now the Muſe returns
To thoſe fond Scenes which ow'd to Him their joy;
What kindred Soul but with Affection burns
To ſee him for the poor his Skill employ?

The peaceful Cottage feels his lenient hand;
Where late diſtemper took its dreadful Way,
See! ſmiling Health, and Mirth, with viſage bland
Welcome the coming of each happy day!

See! the fond Group around the chearful fire
With mutual rapture praiſe his feeling heart;
With endleſs tales of him that never tire
They ſpeak of all the Wonders of his Art!

But

* Mr. LAMBERT was the firſt who practiſed, with ſucceſs, cutting for the Stone in the North of England.

But chief the Matron views her infant Charge
Rous'd by his hand to ever-ſmiling Health:
What Joys, unfelt before, her heart enlarge
To view, in her lov'd boy, her little Wealth?

What Bleſſings on his name ſhall ſtill attend!
How long remember'd ſhall his Skill remain!
The Muſe for this her feeble Aid ſhall lend,
And join the number of the mournful train.

Led by Affection to record his Name,
Weak tho' my Verſe, yet let it flow ſincere:
'Tis friendſhip bids his laſting praiſe proclaim,
'Tis friendſhip drops the tributary tear.